

# PACT OF DEATH



4

**ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH**

★ No. 89 **NO HIGHER STAKES**

Tanks . . . guns . . . men . . . all were mere pieces on his chessboard of war

★ No. 90 **SPOILS OF WAR**

Flying roughnecks of Transport Command—their cargo—TROUBLE!

★ No. 91 **COVER OF DARKNESS**

His was a fighting spirit that would never die . . .

★ No. 92 **ONE MAN'S GLORY**

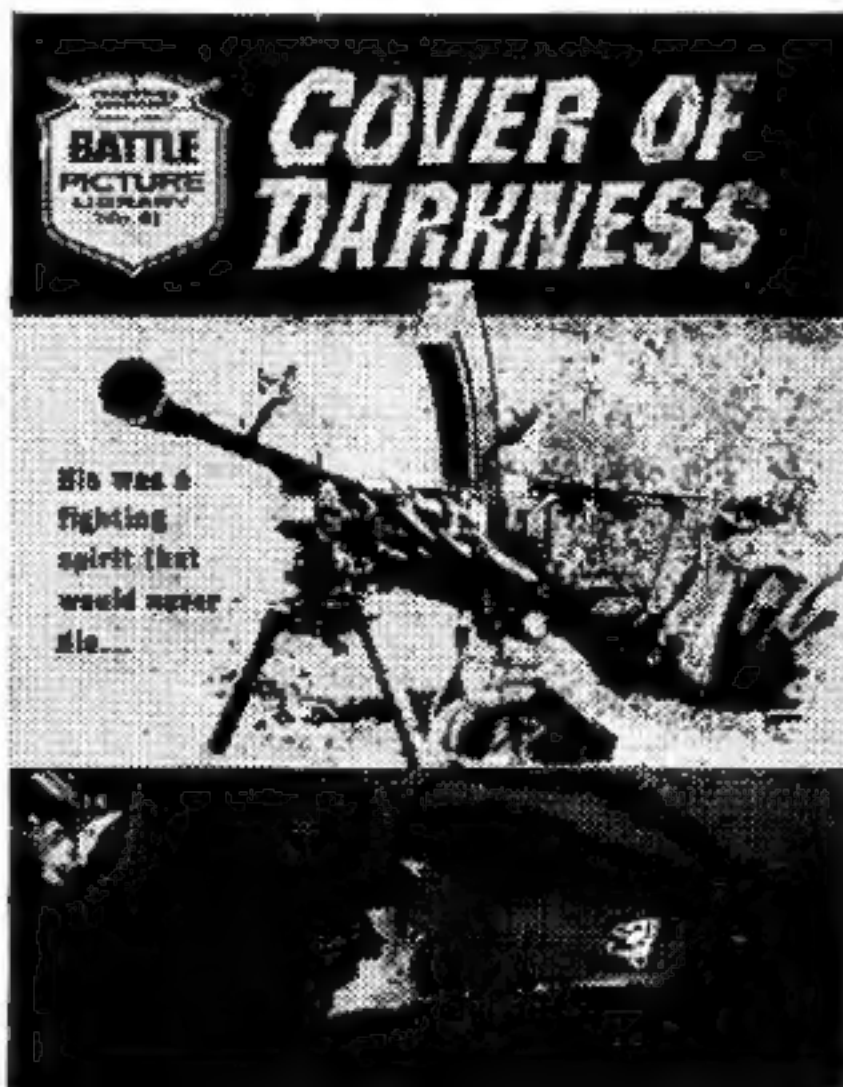
Bofors v. Panzers . . . in a duel to destruction

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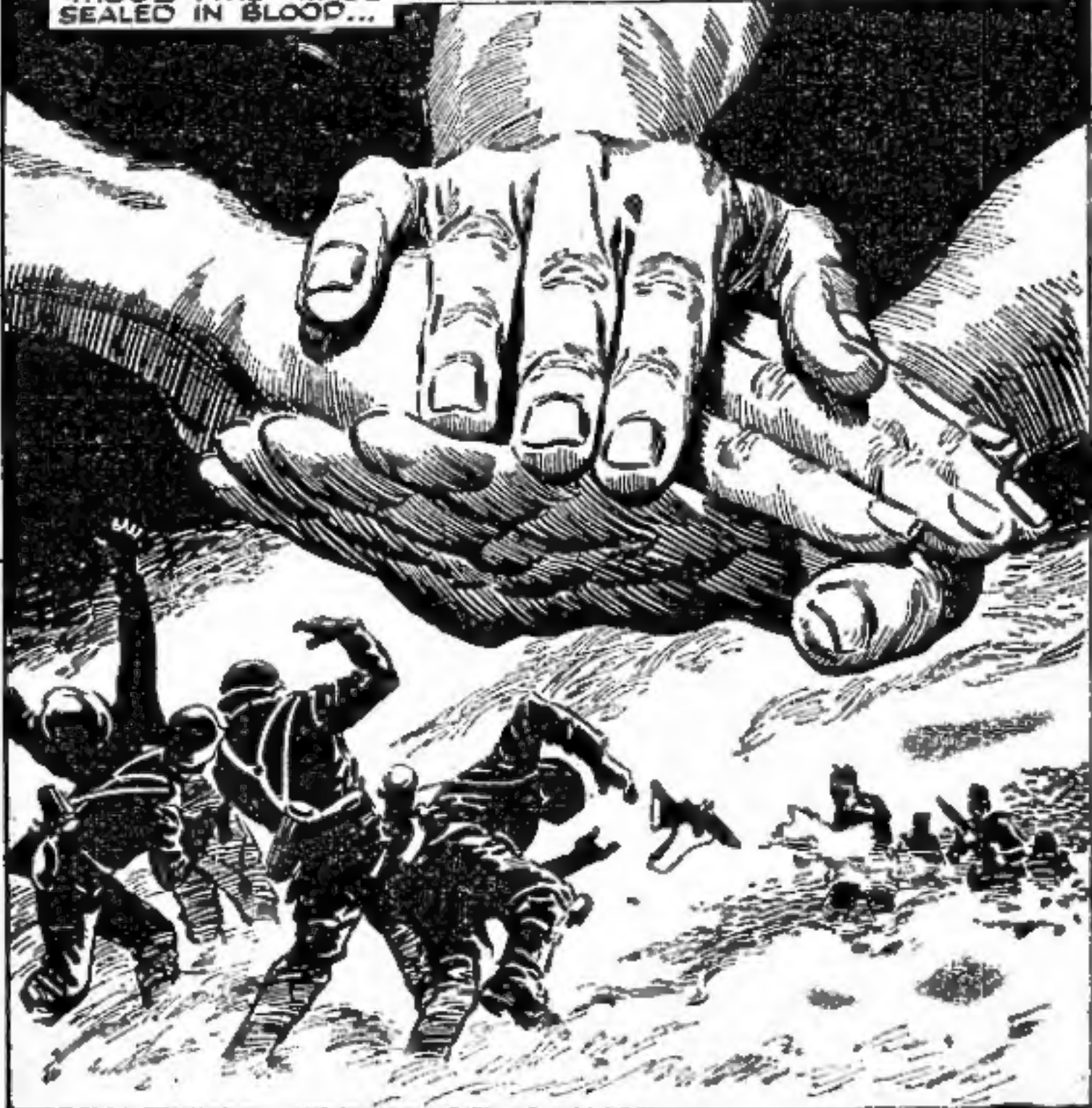
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# PACT OF DEATH

THE PACT WAS MADE BY THREE SCHOOLBOYS. A LOT OF PACTS ARE MADE BY SCHOOLBOYS, AND MOST OF THEM ARE FORGOTTEN AS THOSE WHO MADE THEM GROW OLDER, BUT THIS PACT WAS SEALED IN BLOOD...



# Chapter 1. *Tarnished Glory*

IT HAPPENED IN THE SPRING OF 1930, WHEN A PARTY OF SIXTH-FORMERS FROM ST. GAUL'S WENT ROCK-CLIMBING IN SNOWDONIA UNDER THEIR P.T. INSTRUCTOR, SERGEANT DONOVAN...



FOUR OF THE BOYS MADE AN ATTEMPT THAT DAY ON THE NOTORIOUS GAMBIT TRAVERSE ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF SNOWDON. IT HAD NOT BEEN CLIMBED IN SIXTY YEARS...

BELAY YOURSELVES... I'LL MAKE ANOTHER TWENTY FEET...

RIGHT, CON... WE MUST BE NEARLY OUT OF THIS CHIMNEY.



AT NOON, WHEN THEY WERE TRAVERSING THE LAST SHEER ROCK FACE TWO THOUSAND FEET UP, THE YOUNGEST OF THE FOUR WAS ATTACKED BY CRAMP...

HOLD IT, CHAPS... MY LEG/I CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER.

STICK IT, PENN... THERE'S ONLY ANOTHER NINETY FEET TO GO!





PENN WAS WELL-BELAYED, BUT WHEN HIS CRAMPED LEG MISSED ITS NEXT FOOTHOLD THE ROPE SNAPPED UNDER HIS SUDDEN OUTFLUNG WEIGHT.

AAAGH!

HE FELL FORTY FEET, BUT THE THREE OTHERS SAW HIM WAVE AN ARM FROM THE NARROW LEDGE WHICH HAD BROKEN HIS FALL...

I-I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO GO DOWN TO HIM...

YES... BUT HE'S WAVING. LOOK!

HE MUST BE ALL RIGHT, THEN...







CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH HAD ACHIEVED THEIR MOMENT OF GLORY, BUT ALREADY THE TASTE OF IT WAS BITTER IN THEIR MOUTHS...

WE DID IT, CHAPS!

ALL RIGHT... SO WE DID IT... NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO PENN.

YES, IT'S HALF AN HOUR SINCE WE LEFT HIM.

IT TOOK THEM LONGER TO CLIMB DOWN TO THE LEDGE WHERE PENN LAY. PENN WAS NO LONGER WAVING...

HE'S LYING PRETTY STILL, CON...

SHUT UP, BRIAN... TAKE MY WEIGHT...

HURRY, YOU TWO... HURRY!

THERE WAS NO HUNGER IN THEIR EYES NOW. NO GLORY, ONLY SHAME.

HE'S DEAD!

NO-NO!

OH...



THE RESCUE PARTY, ALERTED BY SERGEANT DONOVAN, MET THEM ON THE LOWER SLOPES. THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED THE BODY GAVE HIS VERDICT...

THE INJURIES WERE BAD, BUT NOT FATAL. THE BOY DIED OF EXPOSURE AFTER SHOCK. HE'D BE ALIVE NOW IF SOMEONE HAD REACHED HIM IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS FALL, COVERED HIM UP, TENDED HIM...



THE THREE BOYS TOLD THEIR STORY IN THE CORONER'S COURT. FRANKLY, HIDING NOTHING, THAT NEEDED MORE COURAGE THAN THE GAMBIT CLIMB...

WELL, YOU THREE, YOU HAD A PLAIN CHOICE BETWEEN SAVING A PAL'S LIFE AND GRABBING SOME GLORY. YOU CHOSE THE GLORY. I HOPE IT MAKES YOU PROUD...

BUT, DONOVAN--

SHUT UP, LYNCH - HE'S RIGHT, AND WE KNOW IT!



## Pact of Death

THE REST OF THE SCHOOL SHUNNED THE THREE BOYS DURING THEIR LAST YEAR AT ST. GAUL'S. THE ACCUSATIONS WERE WILD, BUT THE TRUTH WAS UGLY ENOUGH...

PENN WAS WAVING TO THEM, SHOUTING TO THEM FOR HELP...

YES... AND THEY JUST TURNED THEIR BACKS ON HIM...

THEY KILLED HIM... THAT'S WHAT THEY DID... THEY KILLED HIM!

SO THEY MADE A PACT, CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH. AND THEY SWORE THEY WOULD KEEP IT...

ALL RIGHT... LET'S PUT OUR HANDS TOGETHER ON THAT...

SAY IT AGAIN THEN, CON...

WE THREE SWEAR... SOME TIME, SOMEHOW, THAT EACH OF US WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF ONE MAN!



## Chapter 2. *Three Men*

IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1942, AT A COMBINED OPERATIONS BASE PREPARATIONS BEGAN FOR A FULL-SCALE RAID ON THE GERMAN NAVAL BASE OF ST. PALAISE.

YOU'VE GOT THAT LIST OF VOLUNTEERS, HAVE YOU, ADJ? WHAT ABOUT THOSE THREE OFFICERS?

I HAVE THE DOPE ON THEM, SIR. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO RUN THROUGH THEIR RECORDS...



COLONEL GAINSFORD WAS TO LEAD THE RAID. HE BELIEVED IN PICKING HIS OFFICERS CAREFULLY...

RIGHT...  
FIRE AWAY,  
ADJ...

CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH. THOSE WERE THE THREE MEN WITH QUESTION MARKS AGAINST THEIR NAMES, SIR. GOOD OFFICERS ALL OF THEM... KEEN, TOUGH, PLenty OF GUTS, BUT EACH OF THEM BEHAVED QUEERLY ON AT LEAST ONE OCCASION.





COLONEL GAINSFORD STUDIED THE FIRST OF THE THREE RECORDS AS THE ADJUTANT TALKED...

TAKE PLACE, SIR, BRIAN MACE, JOINED THE NAVY WHEN THE WAR STARTED. PROMOTED SUB-LIEUTENANT IN MARCH FORTY-ONE. GIVEN COMMAND OF AN M.T.B. LATER THAT YEAR.

MACE'S M.T.B. WAS BASED ON GURVAN LAST AUTUMN, SIR. ONE NIGHT IN SEPTEMBER, AN OIL TANKER WAS TORPEDOED OFF AILSA CRAIG IN HIS PATROL AREA.

THE U-BOAT COMMANDER MUST HAVE BEEN TOO CLOSE TO HIS VICTIM, THE EXPLOSION DROVE HIS VESSEL TO THE SURFACE...

TEL-FEL!  
WHAT IS THE  
DAMAGE,  
ROSNER?

STARBOARD  
BALLAST TANK IS  
DEFECTIVE. HERR  
KAPITAN WE SHALL  
HAVE TO STAY ON THE  
SURFACE FOR A FEW  
HOURS TO REPAIR  
IT!



THERE WERE ONLY A FEW SURVIVORS FROM THE TANKER, THE U-BOAT PICKED THEM UP AND HEADED WEST ON THE SURFACE.

THAT IS  
THE LAST OF  
THE BRITISH SURVIVORS,  
HERR KAPITAN

RESUME COURSE,  
ROSNER. GET THOSE  
REPAIRS DONE... WE  
ARE TOO NEAR THE  
COAST FOR MY  
LIKING...





THE U-BOAT WAS STILL ON THE SURFACE WHEN THE TWO MTB'S FROM GIRVAN PICKED HER UP AT MIDNIGHT. SHE TURNED TO FIGHT...

HELLO, VICTOR ABLE ONE! YOU CAN HAVE FIRST CRACK, BRIAN! GOOD HUNTING!

U-BOAT AHEAD, SIR! RED FIVE-TWO! COMING ROUND!



SUB-LIEUTENANT BRIAN MACE WAS IN COMMAND OF VICTOR ABLE ONE, THE U-BOAT WAS BRACKETING HIS MTB WITH SHELLFIRE, BUT HE CLOSED AT TOP SPEED...

ROGER, VICTOR ABLE LEADER, HERE 100!

STARBOARD TUBE-READY!

PORT TUBE-READY!



THERE WAS NO QUESTION THAT MALE INTENDED TO ATTACK THAT U-BOAT AND IT WAS NOT THE SHELLFIRE WHICH STOPPED HIM, APPARENTLY IT WAS WHAT HE SAW THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS.

JERRY'S  
GETTING OUR  
RANGE, SIR—

HOLD IT,  
BOSS—WE'RE  
MAKING SURE OF  
THIS ONE LET'S  
JUST TAKE A  
DEKKO AT HER  
NUMBER.

THE U-BOAT COMMANDER  
HAD GOT THE SURVIVORS OF  
THE BRITISH TANKER OUT ON  
THE CONNING TOWER MARCH.  
THEY WERE WAVING, THAT  
WAS WHAT MALE SAW.





VICTOR ABLE ONE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO USE HER TORPEDOES. BUT SHE NEVER FIRED THEM. SHE GLEWED AWAY FROM THE U-BOAT...

WHAT THE HECK, SIR—

I CAN'T TINFISH THAT JERRY, BOSUN — I CAN'T, I TELL YOU — HOLD YOUR FIRE!



MACE'S BOSUN SWORE AT THE ENQUIRY THAT THERE WAS NO FEAR IN MACE'S VOICE AT THAT MOMENT.

BUT, SIR — WE'LL NEVER GET A BETTER CHANCE TO GRAB A U-BOAT —

MAYBE NOT, BOSUN — BUT I GRABBED A CHANCE OF GLORY BEFORE, ONCE — AND SOMEONE ELSE PAID FOR IT.



VICTOR ABLE ONE CAME SWIRLING OUT THROUGH THE GUNFLASHES WITH HER TORPEDOES STILL IN HER TUBES...

HELLO, VICTOR ABLE ONE — WHAT THE BLAZE GOES ON?

HELLO, VICTOR ABLE LEADER — SORRY, SIR — BUT THERE ARE PRISONERS ABOARD THAT U-BOAT — BRITISH SURVIVORS I CAN'T TINFISH HER AND RISK KILLING THEM...



THE COMMANDER OF THE OTHER M.T.B. PUT HIS WHEEL OVER AND BORED IN TOWARDS THE U-BOAT. MALE DID NOT FOLLOW HIM...

WELL, SHE'S A U-BOAT—AND SHE'S GOT TO BE SUNK. MALE HAS GOT IT MIXED UP SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE—

BOTH TUBES READY, SIR—



THE FLOTILLA LEADER WON HIMSELF A D.S.O. THAT DAY. HE DID NO MORE THAN MALE HAD DONE, EXCEPT THAT WHEN HE REACHED THE FIRING POINT HE USED BOTH TUBES.

TUBES AWAY!





THE U-BOAT MUST HAVE HAD  
HER OWN TUBES LOADED.  
SHE BLEW UP. THERE WERE  
NO SURVIVORS. GERMAN OR  
BRITISH...



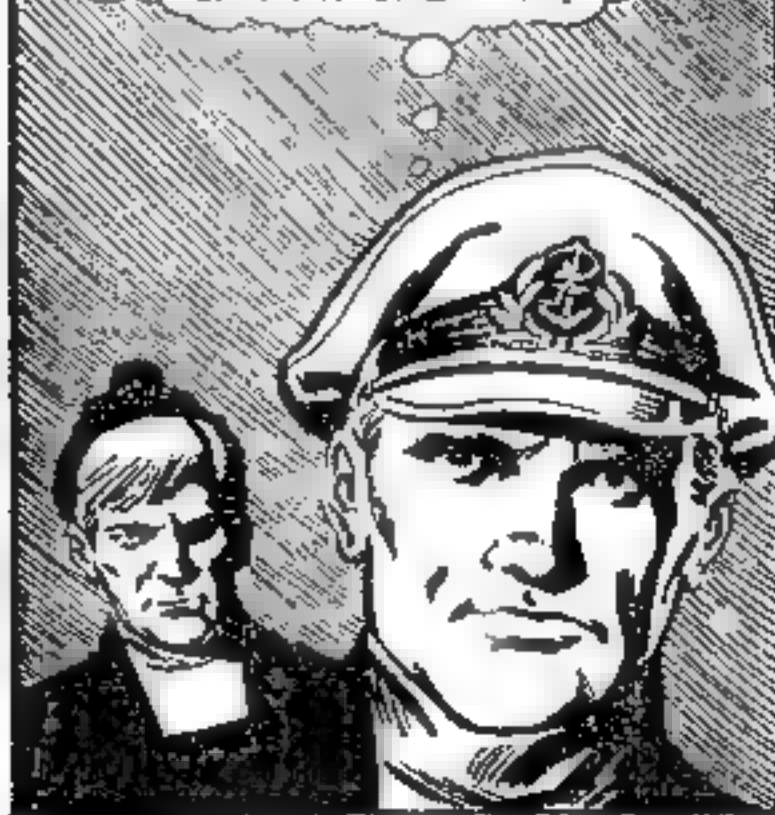
SHE HAD TO BE SUNK, THAT U-BOAT,  
DESPITE THE BRITISH PRISONERS  
ABOARD HER. THE COURT OF INQUIRY  
AGREED THAT AFTERWARDS, MACE'S  
CREW AGREED IT AT THE TIME...

LUMME! WHAT  
WAS WRONG WITH  
THE SKIPPER... THROWING  
UP A CHANCE LIKE  
THAT.

MAYBE HE  
DOESN'T WANT  
A U-BOAT TO HIS  
CREDIT... AND  
LEAVE AND  
GONGS ALL  
ROUND...



NO... I DON'T WANT A GONG... NOT IF IT MEANS KILLING INNOCENT MEN, BUT THEY DIED. THOSE POOR DEVILS. JUST THE SAME. SO I STILL HAVEN'T SAVED THE LIFE OF THAT ONE MAN!



THE ADJUTANT STOPPED TALKING. COLONEL GAINSFORD CLOSED THE RECORD OF SUB-LIEUTENANT BRIAN MACE.

WELL... THAT'S ALL THERE IS ON MACE, SIR.

YES, ADJ. HE SEEMS A GOOD TYPE — APART FROM THAT ONE QUESTION MARK.



COLONEL GAINSFORD PICKED UP THE SECOND OF THE THREE RECORDS. HE TAPPED HIS FINGERS AGAINST IT, THOUGHTFULLY...

YOU KNOW, ADJ. MEN VOLUNTEER FOR DICEY RAIDS LIKE THIS PALAISE SHOW FOR ALL SORTS OF QUEER REASONS. I WONDER WHAT MACE'S REASON WAS?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT, SIR... IF YOU PICK HIM. NOW, THE SECOND ONE, SIR.



THE ADJUTANT  
LEANED OVER TO  
LOOK AT THE NAME  
ON THE SECOND  
RECORD...

AH, YES...LYNCH.  
STEPHEN LYNCH. JOINED  
THE R A F IN EARLY 'FORTY  
THROUGH THE UNIVERSITY  
AIR SQUADRON. GOT HIS  
WINGS IN JANUARY 'FORTY-  
ONE. POSTED TO A  
FIGHTER SQUADRON.



IT WAS JUMBO MAITLAND'S SQUADRON,  
SIR. ONE OF THE ORIGINAL BATTLE OF  
BRITAIN ACES. YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT  
EPIC LAST FIGHT OF HIS OVER AMIENS IN  
'FORTY-ONE...

COME ON, YOU TWO/  
GROUP WANTS US TO  
RHUBARB AROUND AMIENS  
WHILE THE BOMBER BOYS  
PLASTER THE GNOME  
WORKS! LET'S GET  
WEAVING!

WITH YOU,  
SIR...





LYNCH WAS FLYING WITH JUMBO MAITLAND ON THE DAY OF THAT LAST GREAT FIGHT OF HIS. YOU MIGHT ALMOST SAY THAT LYNCH WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT...

GAIN ANGELS.  
LYNCH, BARNWELL!  
STICK WITH ME AND KEEP  
YOUR NECKS TWISTING!  
ENEMY COAST AHEAD.

ROGER,  
LEADER!

THE FIFTEEN MESSERSCHMITT 109'S WERE WAITING UP-SUN OVER ABBEVILLE. THEY CAME DOWN IN A SOLID WEDGE WHEN THE THREE SPITS BROKE CLOUD COVER BELOW THEM...

ACHTUNG -  
ACHTUNG - SPITFEUER!  
ATTACK!

LYNCH WAS PORT WINGMAN TO JUMBO MAITLAND THAT DAY. IT WAS HIS JOB TO CALL THE BREAKS TO ATTACKS FROM ASTERN. HE DID THAT JOB COOLLY...



TWELVE PLUS BANDITS COMING DOWN, LEADER... SIX O'CLOCK... BREAK LEFT...

WELL DONE, LYNCH... KEEP WITH ME...

THE STARBOARD WINGMAN WAS A NEW PILOT, BARNWELL. HE WAS SLOW IN THE BREAK. THE MESSERSCHMITTS FASTENED ON HIM AS HIS SPITFIRE YAWED...



JUNBO MAITLAND SAW BARNWELL'S AIRCRAFT LOSING HEIGHT AND DRIBBLING GLYCOL. HE KEPT TURNING. IT WAS VITAL NOW THAT THE TWO HEAVILY-OUTNUMBERED SPITFIRES SHOULD KEEP TOGETHER...

LOOK, LEADER—  
THEY'VE GOT  
BARNWELL—

OKAY, LYNCH—  
THERE'S NOTHING WE  
CAN DO ABOUT IT. STICK  
WITH ME AND KEEP  
TURNING...

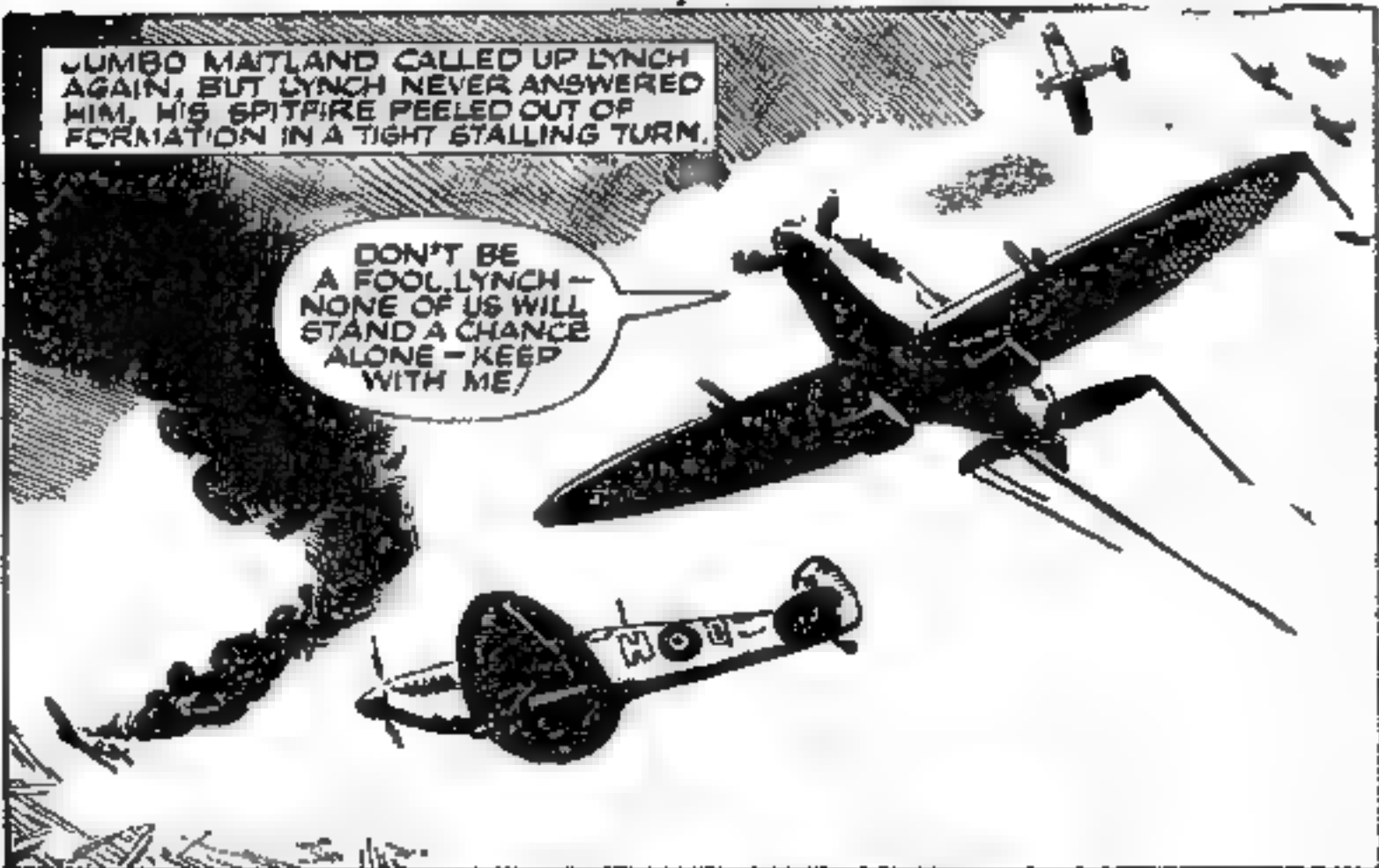
LYNCH ADMITTED AFTERWARDS THAT HE DISOBEYED HIS LEADER'S ORDERS. HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT TO HIM THAT HE SHOULD SAVE BARNWELL'S LIFE, THOUGH HE NEVER SAID WHY...

THE SPROG'S  
STILL GOT A CHANCE,  
LEADER... I'M GOING  
AFTER HIM, MAYBE  
I CAN SAVE HIM...



JUMBO MAITLAND CALLED UP LYNCH AGAIN, BUT LYNCH NEVER ANSWERED HIM. HIS SPITFIRE PEELED OUT OF FORMATION IN A TIGHT STALLING TURN.

DON'T BE A FOOL, LYNCH - NONE OF US WILL STAND A CHANCE ALONE - KEEP WITH ME!



A MESSERSCHMITT WAS CLOSING ON BARNWELL'S CRIPPLED SPITFIRE. LYNCH GOT IN HIS BURST BEFORE THE GERMAN COULD OPEN FIRE...

OKAY, BARNWELL - PULL OUT - I'M WITH YOU.



BUT BARNWELL NEVER PULLED OUT OF HIS ONE. HE MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD BEFORE LYNCH DISOBEYED MAITLAND'S ORDER AND CAME AFTER HIM...

HECK —  
THAT FIRST  
BURST MUST HAVE  
KILLED THE SPROG  
I NEVER HAD A  
CHANCE OF  
SAVING HIM.

LYNCH REALIZED THEN JUST WHAT  
HIS DISOBEDIENCE HAD MEANT...

MY OATH —  
JUMBO'S IN TROUBLE!  
FOURTEEN OF THE BRUTES  
AT HIS THROAT AND I  
LET HIM IN FOR IT.

MATLAND HEARD LYNCH ON THE R.T. THE OLD ACE WAS TURNING, FIRING, AND HIS VOICE WAS STILL COOL...

HECK -  
LEADER, I'M  
SORRY - I'M  
LEAVING

MAKE TRACKS, KID -  
THAT'S AN ORDER, SO OBEY  
IT THIS TIME - THIS IS MY  
SHOW NOW!

THAT WAS JUMBO MATLAND'S  
LAST GREAT FIGHT. HE FOUGHT  
SINGLEHANDED AGAINST  
THIRTEEN MESSERSCHAFFTS,  
BUT HE TOOK SOME OF THEM  
WITH HIM.





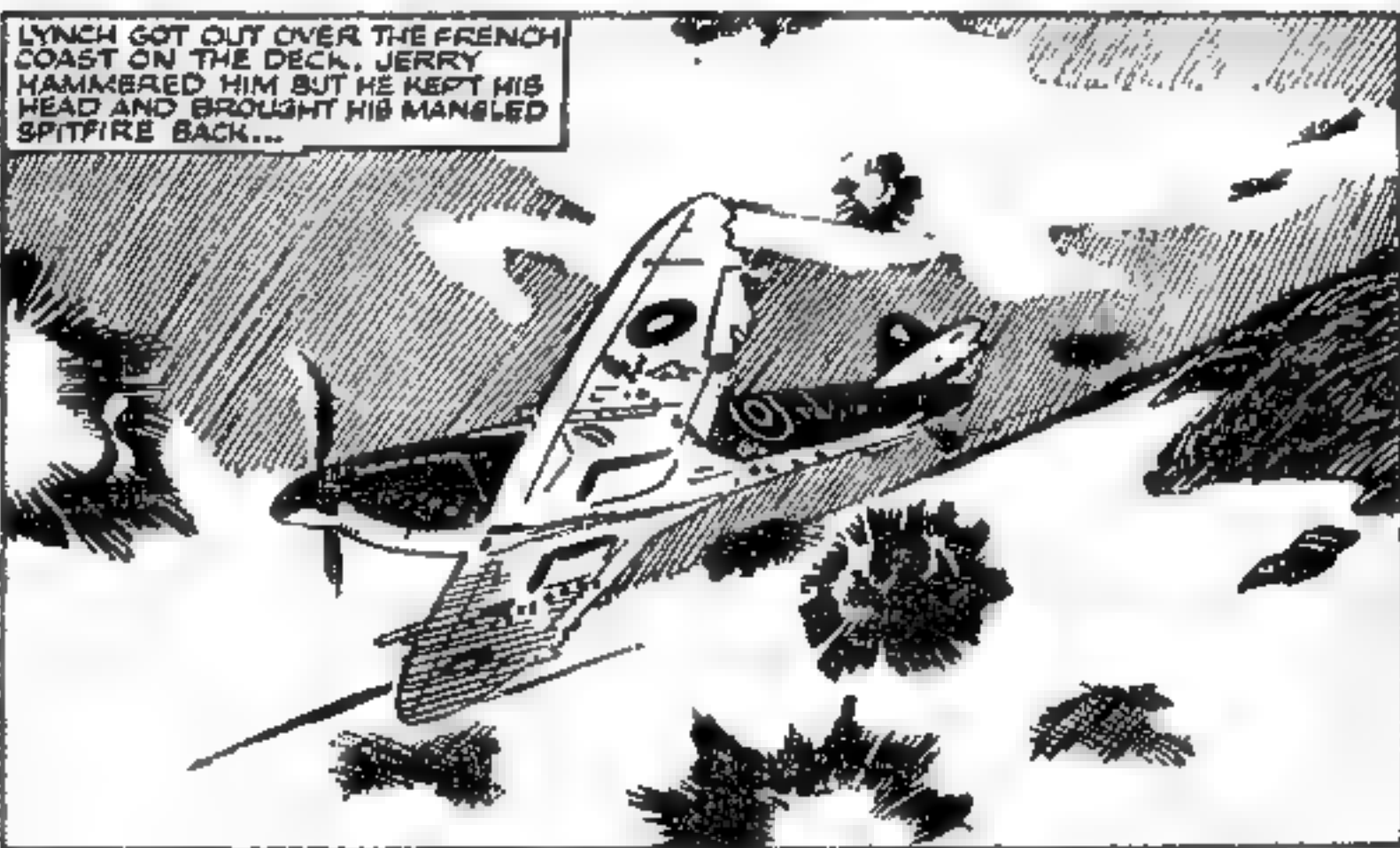
LYNCH WAS STILL DESPERATELY GAINING HEIGHT, STILL TRYING TO RETRIEVE HIS MISTAKE. WHEN NAITLAND'S SPITFIRE FELL PAST HIM...

MAKE-  
TRACKS-  
KID!

HE HAD BEEN NAITLAND'S WINGMAN. HIS DUTY HAD BEEN TO COVER HIS LEADER. HE HAD TRIED TO SAVE BARNWELL'S LIFE, USELESSLY, AND HE HAD FAILED HIS LEADER...

I THOUGHT  
I WAS DOING  
THE RIGHT THING -  
I ONLY WANTED  
TO SAVE A  
LIFE -

LYNCH GOT OUT OVER THE FRENCH COAST ON THE DECK. JERRY HAMMERED HIM BUT HE KEPT HIS HEAD AND BROUGHT HIS MANGLED SPITFIRE BACK...



WHEN THEY PULLED HIM OUT OF HIS SHATTERED COCKPIT AT TANGMERE, LYNCH WAS HALF-CONSCIOUS AND RAMBLING...

THE ADJUTANT STOPPED TALKING. COLONEL GAINSFORD CLOSED THE RECORD OF FLYING OFFICER LYNCH.

EASY WITH HIM, EASY...

IT ALWAYS GOES WRONG—IT'S ALWAYS MY FAULT—AND I STILL HAVEN'T SAVED THE LIFE OF THAT ONE MAN!

WELL... THAT'S THE QUESTION MARK AGAINST LYNCH, SIR...

HE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL THE STORY—OR NO-ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN HOW MAITLAND GOT INTO THAT LAST SCRAP.



COLONEL GAINSFORD LOOKED UP THOUGHTFULLY AT THE ADJUTANT...

DID THE R.A.F. DISCIPLINE LYNCH?

NO, SIR. THEY DIDN'T NEED TO GROUND HIM, EITHER, BECAUSE HE'D GOT A LEG FULL OF SHELL-FRAGMENTS AND THE MEDICAL BOARD FOUND HIM UNFIT FOR FLYING DUTIES. I IMAGINE THAT'S WHY HE VOLUNTEERED AS OUR AIR LIAISON OFFICER.



THE ADJUTANT OPENED THE LAST OF THE THREE RECORDS IN FRONT OF COLONEL GAINSFORD.

LET'S SEE NOW... CONNOR. HE WAS COMMISSIONED IN THE SPRING OF 'FORTY, SERVED IN THE WESTERN DESERT, TRANSFERRED TO CRETE JUST BEFORE THE GERMAN ATTACK IN MAY...



A TOUGH GERMAN PARACHUTE REGIMENT DROPPED IN HIS SECTOR, NORTH OF CANAE, ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE GERMAN INVASION.





THE GERMANS PUT IN A STRONG ATTACK AT DUSK THAT DAY AND CAPTURED THE PERICLOS HEIGHTS. THEY COULD RANGE THE BRITISH LINES NOW WITH THEIR MEDIUM ARTILLERY.



CONNOR WAS ONE OF CAPTAIN  
RAINE'S PLATOON COMMANDERS.  
RAINE HAD FOUGHT WITH HIM IN  
THE WESTERN DESERT AND HE  
THOUGHT A LOT OF CONNOR.



D' COMPANY WENT IN AT DAWN. THEY HAD TWO THOUSAND YARDS OF BARE HILLSIDE TO COVER WITH THE SPANDAUS TRAVERSING EVERY YARD...

FORWARD-  
FORWARD!

AAGH!

LEAVE THEM TO  
THE STRETCHER-BEARERS,  
MEN - KEEP GOING -



THE COMPANY LOST A THIRD OF ITS STRENGTH IN THE FIRST THOUSAND YARDS, BUT CONNOR KEPT HIS HEAD...

IF WE COULD  
GRAB THAT SPUR, SIR,  
WE'D BE ABLE TO  
TRAVERSE THE  
WHOLE RIDGE!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
CON / BEAR LEFT,  
MEN!



THE GERMANS HAD A SPANDAU MOUNTED ON THE SPUR, THE OFFICER IN CHARGE SAW THE BRITISH MOVING TOWARDS HIM AND REALISED THE DANGER.



ACHTUNG - SEND ME REINFORCEMENTS! IF MY GUN IS CAPTURED, OUR WHOLE LINE WILL BE UNDER FIRE!

BUT BY THE TIME CONNOR HAD GOT WITHIN RIFLESHOT OF THE SPUR, HIS PLATOON HAD PRACTICALLY CEASED TO EXIST. CAPTAIN PAINE WENT DOWN FIFTY YARDS FROM THE TOP...



KEEP GOING, CON - YOU CAN MAKE IT - YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!



CONNOR KEPT GOING. WITH THIRTY YARDS TO GO, HE LOOSED OFF A LONG BURST TO CUT DOWN THE CREW OF THE SPANDAU...

ACHTUNG!  
THE ENGLANDERS  
ARE THROUGH!



CONNOR WAS TWENTY YARDS FROM THE UNMANNED SPANDAU, AND THE WHOLE GERMAN LINE WAS AT HIS MERCY, WHEN A SHELL BURST CAUGHT THE SERGEANT AND THE HANDFUL OF HIS MEN.

AAAGH  
SO ON, SIR—  
THEY'VE GOT  
ME—



AT THAT MOMENT CAPTAIN PAINE, LYING  
HELPLESS TWENTY YARDS BELOW, SAW  
CONNOR SUDDENLY CHECK

SERGEANT—

CON—  
FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE— THE SPANDAU—  
GRAB THE SPANDAU!

TEN STRIDES WOULD  
HAVE TAKEN CONNOR  
TO THE TOP. HE COULD  
HAVE TURNED THE  
SPANDAU ON THE  
GERMAN SECTION  
RUNNING TO TAKE IT  
OVER. HE COULD HAVE  
SWEEPED THE ENEMY  
POSITION WITH LEAD...

CON— KEEP GOING,  
YOU FOOL— YOU  
WON'T GET A  
SECOND CHANCE.

SCHNELL!  
WE MUST REACH  
OUR GUN BEFORE  
THE ENGLANDERS!

CONNOR HAD GLORY IN HIS GRASP AT THAT MOMENT BUT HE DELIBERATELY TURNED HIS BACK ON IT.

NO-NO, I LEFT  
A MAN TO DIE BEFORE -  
I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!  
I'VE GOT TO GO BACK -  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE A  
LIFE - I SWORE TO -



THE SERGEANT WAS LYING TEN YARDS BEHIND CONNOR WITH HIS HAND HELD UP, AS THOUGH HE WERE PLEADING FOR HELP. CONNOR RAN BACK TO HIM...

ALL RIGHT,  
SERGEANT -  
I'M COMING!



BUT THE SERGEANT  
WAS BEYOND HELP...

BLAZES!  
HE'S DEAD -  
HE MUST HAVE DIED  
WHEN THE SHRAPNEL  
HIT HIM / I TURNED  
BACK FOR NOTHING!  
BUT MAYBE I CAN  
STILL REACH THAT  
GUN ..





BUT CONNOR WAS TOO LATE. THE GERMANS HAD REOCCUPIED THE SPUR BEFORE HE COULD MOVE AGAIN. THEY HAD BROUGHT UP A SECOND SPANDAU AND A MORTAR...



CONNOR LAY OUT ON THE BULLET-SWEPT SLOPE ALL DAY. HE HAD THROWN AWAY HIS CHANCE OF GLORY AND THE COMPANY HAD LOST THEIR CHANCE TO TAKE THE VITAL RIDGE.

I WAS WRONG... BUT IF I'D BEEN RIGHT, I MIGHT HAVE SAVED THE LIFE OF THAT ONE MAN!



COLONEL GAINSFORD CLOSED THE RECORD OF LIEUTENANT CONNOR. HE LOOKED UP THOUGHTFULLY AT THE ADJUTANT...

SO THEY HAD TO WITHDRAW FROM THAT RIDGE, EH?

YES, SIR. THE SURVIVORS GOT AWAY AFTER DARK. A WEEK LATER, THEY EVACUATED CRETE WITH THE REST OF THE ALLIED TROOPS. CONNOR WAS WITH THEM...



THE COLONEL SHUFFLED TOGETHER THE RECORDS OF CONNOR, LYNCH AND MACE. HE WAS A MAN OF QUICK DECISIONS...

WELL, ALL THREE OF THESE MEN MADE A MISTAKE... AND PRETTY MUCH THE SAME MISTAKE, TOO, BY A QUEER COINCIDENCE. I DON'T THINK THAT'S ANY REASON FOR TURNING THEM DOWN.

YOU'RE TAKING THEM WITH YOU ON THIS PALAISE SHOW THEN, SIR?



WHEN THE RAID ON PALAISE HAD BECOME HISTORY, COLONEL GANSFORD WAS TO REMEMBER THE WORDS HE HAD USED THAT DAY...

YES, ADJ... I'LL TAKE THEM WITH ME. THEY'VE VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS SHOW, AND I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS TIME THEY'LL GRAB THEIR CHANCE OF GLORY...



# Chapter 3. Act of Mercy

ON THE NIGHT WHEN THE FIRST DRAFT OF VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ST. PALAISE RAID ARRIVED AT THE COMBINED OPERATIONS DEPOT IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND, THERE WAS AN AIR RAID ON THE NEARBY RAILWAY JUNCTION

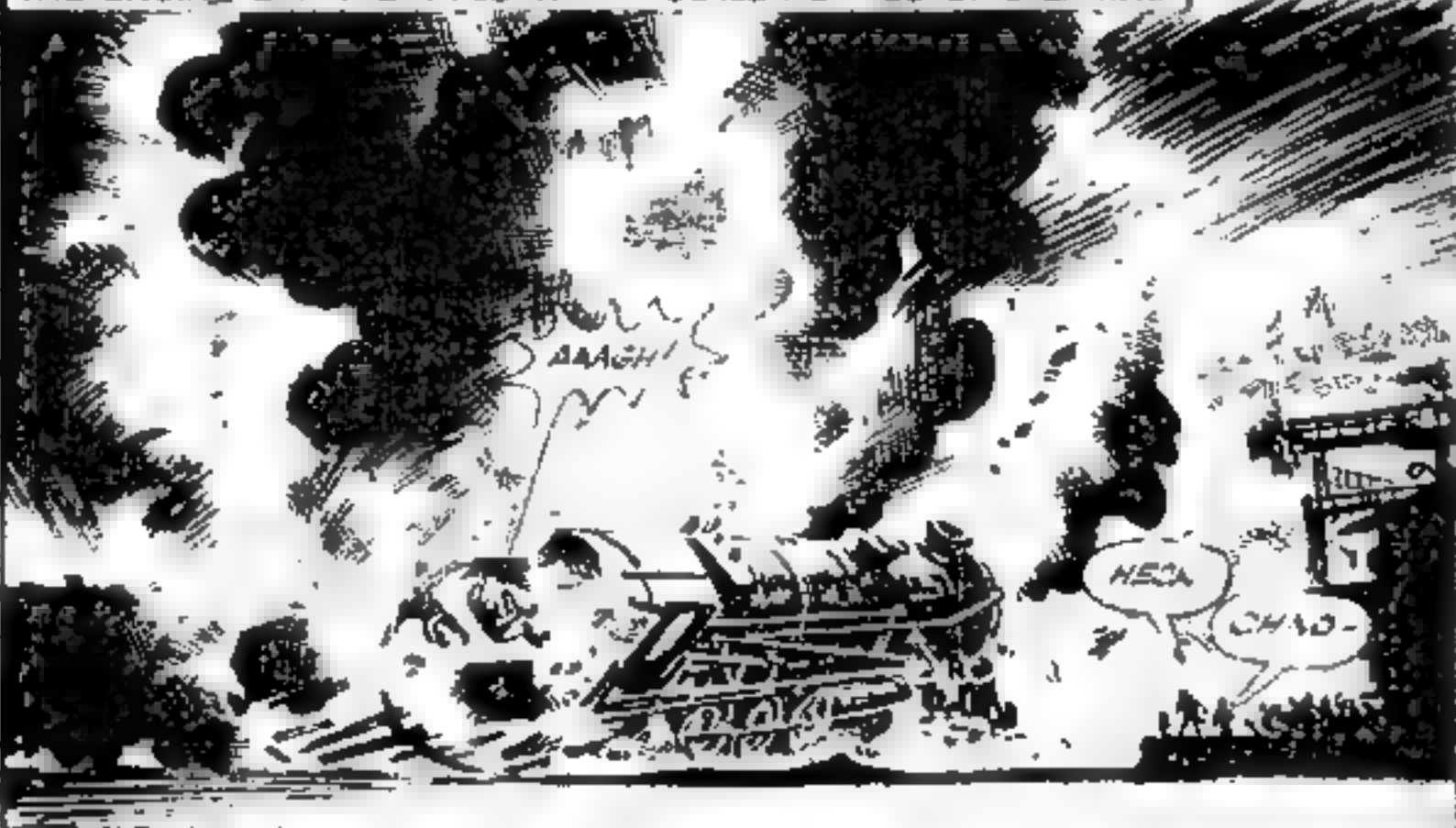


THERE WERE THREE HUNDRED MEN AND SIXTY OFFICERS FROM DIFFERENT UNITS IN THE STATION WHEN THE BOMBS THUMPED DOWN.





THREE MEN IN THAT CROWD CHECKED AND TURNED AROUND AS THE BOMB TORE THE ENGINE OFF THE RAILS WITH A SCALDING HISS OF STEAM...



THE THREE MEN WERE OFFICERS. ONE WAS FROM THE ARMY, ONE FROM THE NAVY, ONE FROM THE AIR FORCE.



A WARDEN BLOCKED THE THREE OFFICERS SECONDS BEFORE THE ENGINE BLEW UP...



KEEP BACK!  
THERE'S NO  
HOPE FOR  
THEM!

GOOD  
GRIEF!

POOR  
DEVILS!

THAT WAS HOW, THREE YEARS AFTER THEIR LAST MEETING AND A LONG VIOLENT WAY FROM THE QUIET CLOISTERS OF ST. GAUL'S, CONNOR, LYNCH AND MACE MET AGAIN...



CONV/

BRIAN -  
AND STEVE  
BY ALL THAT'S  
WONDERFUL!

WELL,  
I'LL BE  
DARNED!

THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER AND IT WAS CONNOR WHO PUT THEIR THOUGHTS INTO WORDS...

SO YOU BOTH  
VOLUNTEERED,  
TOO/ WHAT A  
COINCIDENCE!

IS IT, BRIAN,  
MAYBE WE ALL  
VOLUNTEERED  
FOR THE SAME  
REASON...

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
CONNOR?



## Pact of Death

THE SENIOR OFFICER WAS CALLING TO THEM FROM THE PLATFORM. THEY ONLY HAD TIME FOR A FEW WORDS ..

HE MEANS THE REASON WE ALL TRIED TO SAVE THOSE POOR DEVILS ON THE ENGINE. DON'T YOU, CON?

YES, BRIAN. NONE OF US HAVE FORGOTTEN PENN, HAVE WE? OR THE PACT..

HEY— YOU THREE— THE TRACKS ARE WAITING /

BUT THEY HAD NO NEED FOR WORDS. THEIR HANDS SAID ALL THEY NEEDED TO SAY. IN THE DARKNESS OF THE TRUCK ON THE WAY TO THE DEPOSIT ..

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, CON!

NOR ME!

WELL MAYBE WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO KEEP THE PACT BEFORE THIS SNOW IS OVER .



NEXT MORNING  
COLONEL GAINSFORD  
INSPECTED THE  
VOLUNTEERS...


THIS IS  
CONNOR, SIR...  
AND MACE...  
AND LYNCH.

AH YES...  
WELL YOU THREE,  
THERE'LL BE PLENTY  
OF GLORY FOR US ON  
THIS TRIP... I'M SURE  
YOU'LL DO YOUR  
BEST TO EARN IT.

THAT'S ALL WE  
EVER WANTED  
SIR, THE CHANCE  
TO EARN IT!

THEN THE COLONEL  
ADDRESSED HIS  
OFFICERS IN THE  
OPERATIONS ROOM.

THE DRY DOCK AT  
PALAIS IS THE ONLY ONE  
ON THE NORTH-FRENCH  
COAST BIG ENOUGH TO  
TAKE A POCKET  
BATTLESHIP. OUR JOB  
IS TO DENY THE USE  
OF THAT DOCK TO  
THE ENEMY.



OUR FORCE WILL SAIL INTO THE ESTUARY AT FIVE A.M. AN OBSOLETE DESTROYER, THE MACKAY, WILL BE RAMMED INTO THE DOCK GATES AT TOP SPEED. SHE WILL BE PACKED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE, WIRED TO DETONATE AT NINE A.M. PRECISELY.



THERE WAS A MODEL OF THE ST. PALAIS ESTUARY ON THE PLATFORM.

THE REST OF THE FORCE WILL HOLD THE DOCK AREA AND PREVENT THE GERMANS FROM BOARDING THE MACKAY AND DISMANTLING THE CHARGES BEFORE SHE BLOWS UP. NOW THIS IS A MODEL OF THE ESTUARY WHICH OUR M.L.s WILL HAVE TO NAVIGATE BEFORE WE CAN ATTACK THE DOCK. STUDY IT CLOSELY...

THREE WEEKS LATER, ON A MOONLIT NIGHT IN SEPTEMBER, THE SCENE THE MODEL REPRESENTED BECAME A DEADLY REALITY...



THE FORCE WAS SIX MILES FROM ST. PALAISE ITSELF WHEN THE FIRST GERMAN BATTERY OPENED FIRE...





THE GERMAN BATTERY BRACKETED COLONEL GAINSFORD'S LAUNCH WITH ITS SECOND SALVO. THREE SHELLS SCORED DIRECT HITS...

MAAH!

TRIEDER, THEY'VE GOT THE ENGINE-ROOM!

IN THE SHATTERED COCKPIT OF THE LAUNCH, THE C.O. SPOKE COOLLY INTO HIS RADIO TRANSMITTER...

ENGINES ARE A WRITE-OFF, SKIPPER-AND THE CURRENT'S CARRYING US STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE JERRY GUNS!

LEADER TO ALL UNITS - CARRY ON TO YOUR OBJECTIVE - DO NOT COME TO OUR ASSISTANCE - I REPEAT, CARRY ON TO YOUR OBJECTIVE!



LEUTENANT MACE HEARD THOSE STEADY ORDERS ON THE MOTOR LAUNCH HE COMMANDED...

DO NOT COME TO OUR ASSISTANCE

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THOSE MEN TO DIE. I'M GOING TO ALTER COURSE AND TAKE HER IN TOW.

BUT SKIPPER—THE COLONEL'S GIVEN US A DIRECT ORDER!



CONNOR AND LYNCH WERE BOTH ON MACE'S LAUNCH, THEY HAD COME GRIMLY TO MACE'S SIDE. THE YOUNG NAVAL LEUTENANT SPOKE FOR THE THREE OF THEM...

ALL RIGHT, NUMBER ONE... SO THE REST OF YOU NEEDN'T DISOBEY THE COLONEL'S ORDER. I'M HANDING OVER COMMAND OF THIS SHIP TO YOU... BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT I VOLUNTEERED FOR... THE CHANCE TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!



THEY DIVED OVERBOARD TOGETHER. CONNOR AND LYNCH AND MACE, THREE MEN WHO HAD MADE A SCHOOLBOY PACT AND MEANT TO KEEP IT...

LET'S GO THEN, BRIAN... STEVE...

WITH YOU, CON...



THE BRITISH FLOTILLA HELD ITS COURSE TOWARDS ST. PALAISE, LEAVING THE DERELICT M.L. DRIFTING TO SHORE UNDER THE GERMAN GUNS, AND THREE MEN SWIMMING TOWARDS IT THROUGH THE SHELL-SWEPT WATER...

WHEN THE THREE MEN REACHED THE STRICKEN M.L. TEN MINUTES LATER SHE WAS ROLLING WATERLOGGED IN SHALLOW WATER, SILENT UNDER THE HISSING BULLETS.

THEY CAN'T ALL BE DEAD, CAN THEY?

NO... BUT WOUNDED, MAYBE. NEEDING OUR HELP.

COME ON, THEN...





COLONEL GAINSFORD AND THE THIRTY  
SURVIVORS FROM THE ALL HAD  
REACHED SHORE WITH THEIR WEAPONS.



DESPERATELY TRYING TO RETRIEVE  
THEIR MUNITIES, GUNNAR, MALE AND  
LYNCH 6 DRAMBLED UP THE STEEP  
SLOPE TO JOIN IN THE FIGHT...



AN OATH -  
WE'RE ALWAYS  
TOO LATE!

YES - AND  
WE STILL HAVEN'T  
NEET OUR PACT

SURE WE NOT -  
BUT AT LEAST WE  
CAN GIVE THE  
COLONEL A  
HAND!

BUT THE FIGHT WAS OVER BEFORE THE THREE YOUNG OFFICERS COULD REACH THE BATTERY.

GOOD WORK, MEN... DEAL WITH THE OTHER GUNS NOW...

TWENTY PRISONERS BY THE FIRST COUNT, COLONEL...

LOOK, SIR... HERE'S THREE MORE OF OUR BLOWES... OFFICERS BY THE LOOK OF THEM!

COLONEL GAINSFORD SWUNG AROUND. HIS FACE DARKENED...

YOU THREE - WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WE'RE SORRY, SIR - WE SAW YOUR LAUNCH HIT AND DISABLED...

WE THOUGHT WE COULD HELP TO SAVE A FEW LIVES, SIR. WE SWAM ACROSS...



THE COLONEL'S VOICE  
WAS BLEAK...

I ORDERED YOU  
TO CARRY ON TO YOUR  
OBJECTIVE. WHAT THE  
BLAZES MAKES YOU THREE  
THINK THAT YOUR DUTY  
IS TO SAVE LIVES, RATHER  
THAN TO FIGHT?

COLONEL...  
YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...



FAR UP THE ESTUARY, THE MACKAY  
AND THE FLOTILLA OF M.L.s WERE  
ENGAGING THE GERMAN BATTERIES  
NEAR THE DOCKS.

NO, CONNOR,  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
IT'S GOING TO TAKE US ALL  
OF FOUR HOURS TO REACH  
PALAISE ON FOOT. AND IF  
WE GET THERE AT ALL  
WE'LL PROBABLY BE  
TOO LATE ANYWAY!



# Chapter 4. The Glory



AT TWO-FORTY A.M., AS PLANNED, THE ALACKAY BLAMMED SQUARELY INTO THE MASSIVE GATES OF THE DRY DOCK AT ST. PALAIS.



THE OLD DESTROYER WENT IN AT SEVENTEEN KNOTS. SHE BURRED HER BOWS UP TO THE BRIDGE STRUCTURE IN TANGLED STEEL AND CONCRETE.

RIGHT MEN... LET'S GET THOSE CHARGES WIRED!

SHE'S HOME, SKIPPER!



THERE WERE FIVE TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE IN THE HULL OF THE ALACKAY. AN R E CAPTAIN WIRED THE CHARGES AND SET THE FUSE...

THAT'S IT THEN, CHAPS. THE OLD GIRL WILL GO UP AT NINE O'CLOCK ON THE DOT!

HOPE I'M NOWHERE NEAR WHEN SHE DOES...



THE M.L.S. WERE ALREADY MAKING FAST TO THE QUAY WHEN THE ORDER TO ABANDON SHIP WAS GIVEN ABOARD THE MUCKY. THE GERMANS WERE REACTING SHARPLY...



ABANDON SHIP  
ABANDON SHIP!

B COMPANY,  
COVER THOSE  
RAILWAY SHEDS.

GET  
ASHORE, MEN—  
HURRY!

THE BRITISH COMMANDOS POURED ON TO THE QUAY THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF MORTAR AND SPANDAU FIRE WHICH THE GERMANS WERE BEGINNING TO THROW ACROSS THE DOCK AREA.



AAGH!

SPREAD OUT,  
MEN!

THROW YOUR  
POSTS WELL FORWARD,  
CAPTAIN— WE'VE GOT  
TO KEEP JERRY AWAY  
FROM THE DESTROYER  
TILL SHE GOES UP!

IN THE NEXT HOUR, A SAVAGE BATTLE BEGAN TO DEVELOP ACROSS THE DOORS AS THE GERMANS THREW IN STRONG REINFORCEMENTS...



COLONEL SANFORD'S TINY FORCE, FIVE MILES AWAY, SAW THE GLARE IN THE SKY AND CURSED SAVAGELY...



NO ONE SPOKE TO CONNOR, RACE AND LYNCH THEY WERE LEFT ALONE IN THEIR BITTERNESS



BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY MINEFIELDS, TOO MANY DETOURS. IT WAS EIGHT FORTY-FIVE A.M. BY THE TIME COLONEL GAINSFORD AND HIS MEN REACHED THE DOORS AT ST. PALAISE, AND THE FIGHTING WAS OVER...



THE COLONEL AND HIS MEN HUGGED THE SHADOWS AND WATCHED THEIR CONRATES BEING MARCHED AWAY. BUT IT SEEMED THAT THESE BEATEN MEN HAD DONE THEIR JOB WELL.



BUT COLONEL GAINSFORD HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON. SUDDENLY, IN THE HUSHED SILENCE, A VOICE CRIED OUT FROM THE OLD DESTROYER.

HEY-WE'RE STILL IN THE MACKAY! HEY, MATE'S DON'T LEAVE US HERE!

GOOD GRIEF! SOME OF THE ELKES MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED ABOARD THE DESTROYER!

THEY'RE GOING TO GIVE THE GAME AWAY...

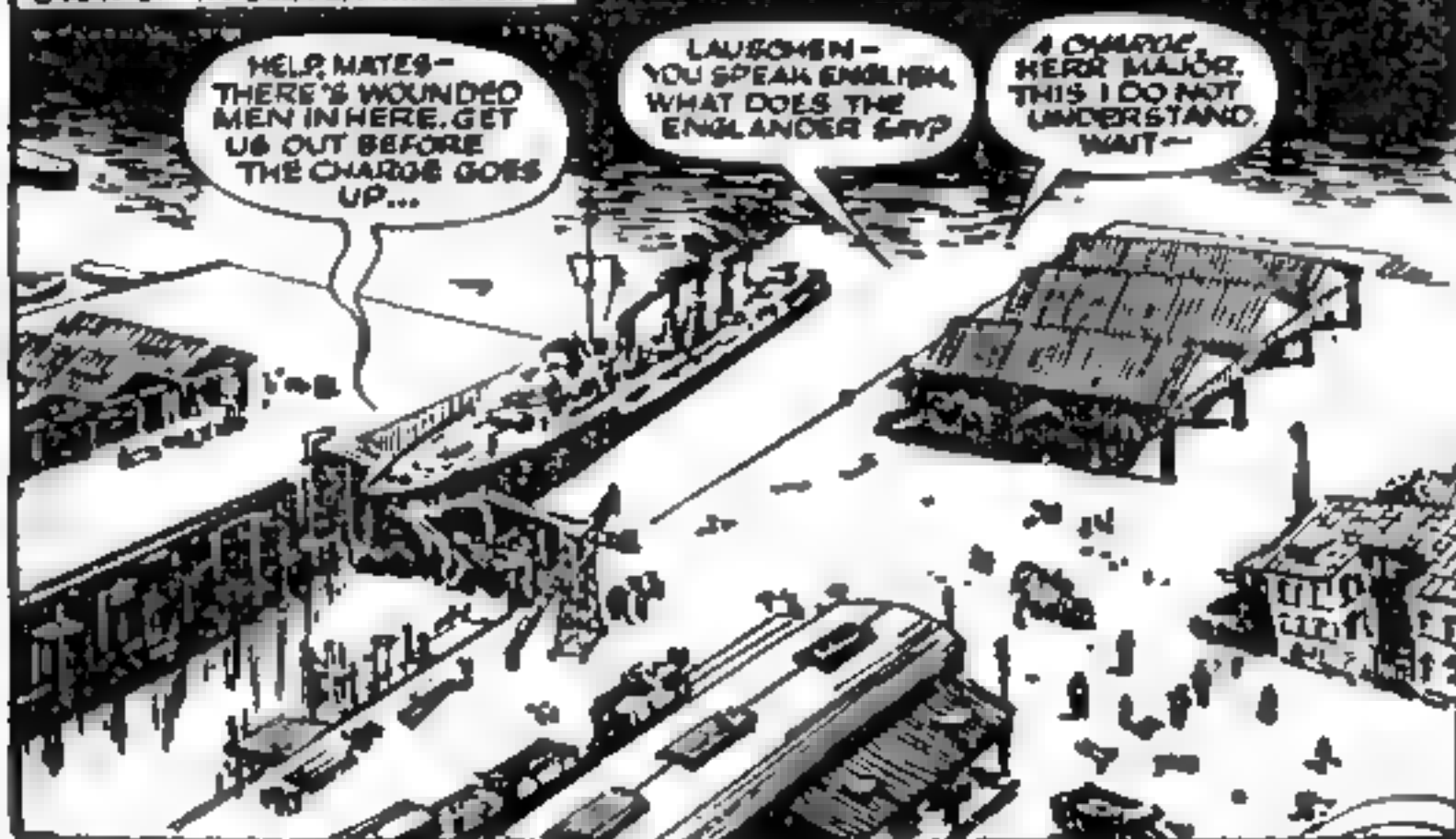


IT WAS EIGHT FORTY NINE A.M. THE DESTROYER WAS DUE TO BLOW UP IN ELEVEN MINUTES...

HELP, MATE'S- THERE'S WOUNDED MEN IN HERE. GET US OUT BEFORE THE CHARGE GOES UP...

LAUSCHEN- YOU SPEAK ENGLISH. WHAT DOES THE ENGLANDER SAY?

A CHARGE, HERR MAJOR. THIS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. WAIT-







IT WAS CONNOR WHO BEFORE KACE AND LYNCH WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM



THE GERMANS ON THE QUAY WERE RUNNING TOWARDS THE DESTROYER NOW THERE WAS A KIND OF RESPECT IN COLONEL GAINSFORD'S HARD TOUGH SMILE ...



# Pact of Death

THE GERMANS WERE FIFTY YARDS FROM THE DESTROYER WHEN COLONEL GAINSFORD AND HIS MEN BURST OUT OF THE SHADOWS WITH HAMMERING GUNS...



THE THREE RACED FORWARD AS COLONEL GAINSFORD THREW HIS MEN BETWEEN THE GERMANS AND THE DESTROYER...

GET MORE  
MEN, HAUPTMANN,  
SCHNELL!



IT WAS EIGHT FIFTY TWO A.M. WHEN THE THREE RIEN CLIMBED ON TO THE RUINED FOREDECK OF THE DESTROYER, BUT THE AGONISED VOICE GAVE THEM DIRECTION...



IT TOOK THEM TWO MINUTES TO LOCATE THE BULKHEAD - AND ANOTHER MINUTE OF USELESS BATTERING AT IT...

IT'S NO GOOD, CON - IT WON'T BUDGE!

ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO GO -

STAND BACK, INSIDE THERE - I'M GOING TO USE A GRENADE!

CONNOR PULLED THE PIN OF THE GRENADE AND WEDGED IT CLOSE TO THE STEEL JAMB OF THE DOOR...

THAT'S DONE IT, CON!

COME ON OUT, NEN - HURRY!



THE MEN TRAPPED BY THE COLLISION CAME STUMBLING OUT THROUGH THE SHATTERED DOOR.

NO-NO, SIR - JUST THE THREE OF US. THANK HEAVENS YOU GOT US OUT!

ARE THERE ANY MORE IN THERE?

IT WAS EIGHT FIFTY-SIX A.M., BUT NEITHER CONNOR, MACE NOR LYNCH LOOKED AT THEIR WATCHES. THREE LONG YEARS ARE NOT MEASURED ON WATCHES...

WELL, BRIAN, STEVE... THERE WERE THREE MEN...

YES, CONN. THREE LIVES SAVED... SO WE KEPT THE FACT!

QUICK! SIR, THERE'S ONLY FOUR MINUTES TO GO!

WITH THREE MINUTES TO GO BEFORE THE MACKAY WAS DUE TO EXPLODE, THE GERMAN'S LAUNCHED A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK. IT OVERRAN COLONEL GAINSFORD AND HIS MEN...

LOOK, JERRY'S BREAKING THROUGH, CONN!



COLONEL GAINSFORD WAS THE LAST MAN TO GO DOWN. HE GROANED AS THE GERMANS RUSHED PAST HIM TOWARDS THE DESTROYER...

QUICK, MEN!  
THERE IS STILL TIME  
FOR US TO DISMANTLE  
THOSE CHARGES!

WE'VE FAILED—  
WE'VE FAILED—



BUT THERE WERE  
STILL THREE MEN  
ON BOARD THE  
DOOMED DESTROYER  
AS THE GERMANS  
RUSHED TOWARDS IT.

WELL,  
THE COLONEL  
SAID THERE'D BE  
PLENTY OF GLORY  
FOR US ON THIS  
SHOW!



CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH HAD GUNS IN THEIR HANDS NOW AND THEY WERE SMILING...

YES, CON...  
AND THIS TIME,  
MAYBE, WE'VE  
EARNED IT...



IT WAS EIGHT FIFTY-SEVEN A.M. WHEN THE GERMANS REACHED THE DESTROYER AND THE GUNS OF CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH BLASTED THEM BACK...



FOR TWO MINUTES THE GERMANS FLUNG WAVE AFTER WAVE OF DESPERATE TROOPS AT THE BATTERED DESTROYER AND THE THREE MEN STANDING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER ON ITS DOOMED DECK...

HOLD THEM,  
LADS - IT'S NOT  
FOR LONG  
NOW!



COLONEL GAINSFORD AND HIS MEN, PRISONERS ON THE QUAY, WATCHED THAT LAST SAVAGE BATTLE WITH GRIM EYES AND DRY THROATS ..



HECK, SIR -  
DON'T THEY KNOW  
THEY'LL GO UP WITH  
THE SHIP WHEN SHE  
BLOWS. THOSE  
THREE ..

YES, SERGEANT,  
THEY KNOW. WE ARE  
WATCHING THREE VERY  
BRAVE MEN, MEN WHO  
HAVE EARNED THEIR  
GLORY THE HARD  
WAY..

THERE WERE ONLY FIFTEEN  
SECONDS LEFT WHEN A GRENADE  
BLASTED CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH TO  
THE DECK. THEY WERE STILL FIRING  
AS THEY FELL ...




AAAGH!

YOUR HAND,  
BRIAN - STEVE -  
GIVE ME YOUR  
HANDS!

THE DYING HANDS OF THE THREE  
MEN WHO HAD MADE A SCHOOLBOY  
FACT, MET IN THOSE LAST SECONDS  
BEFORE THE DESTROYER BLEW UP  
UNDER THEM ..








CONNOR, RACE AND LYNCH  
HAD KEPT THEIR PACT. THEY  
HAD EARNED THEIR GLORY.

IT WAS FIVE YEARS LATER, WHEN THE SECOND WORLD WAR WAS OVER, THAT A REUNION  
OF OLD BOYS WAS HELD AT ST GAUL'S SCHOOL.



HELLO THERE,  
CONJAN. YOU  
OLD WARHORSE!  
ARE YOU STILL  
HERE?

YES SIR  
I'M STILL HERE..  
BUT THERE'S A LOT  
OF YOU YOUNGSTERS  
THAT AREN'T!

SERGEANT DONOVAN LISTENED TO THE CASUAL VOICES FOR A WHILE...

I'LL TELL YOU THREE WHO AREN'T HERE, ANYWAY, CHAPS... CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH...

OH, THEM. THEY ALWAYS WERE OUT OF IT, ANYWAY. WEREN'T THEY AFTER THEY LEFT THAT KID PENN IN THE LURCH, I MEAN...

YES, I REMEMBER. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM...

WHEN HE SPOKE, DONOVAN'S VOICE HAD A STRANGE KIND OF REGRET AND PRIDE IN IT...

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT BECAME OF THEM, SIR. THEY EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE HERE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, TO BE A PART OF THIS SCHOOL... TO HOLD THEIR HEADS UP AGAIN AMONG THE BEST OF YOU... THE ONES THAT WON'T EVER COME BACK...

THE NAMES OF CONNOR, MACE AND LYNCH WERE INSCRIBED ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR OF ST. GAUL'S SCHOOL, AMONG THE NAMES OF THEIR COMRADES...

ALAN CONNOR, D.S.O.  
BRIAN MACE, D.S.O.  
STEPHEN LYNCH, D.S.O.  
DANIEL GRANT  
MICHAEL PERKINS  
JOSEPH LARRIGAN

A LOT OF PACTS ARE MADE BY SCHOOLBOYS. MOST OF THEM ARE FORGOTTEN AS THE MEN WHO MADE THEM GROW OLDER. THIS WAS ONE PACT WHICH WAS SEALED IN BLOOD...



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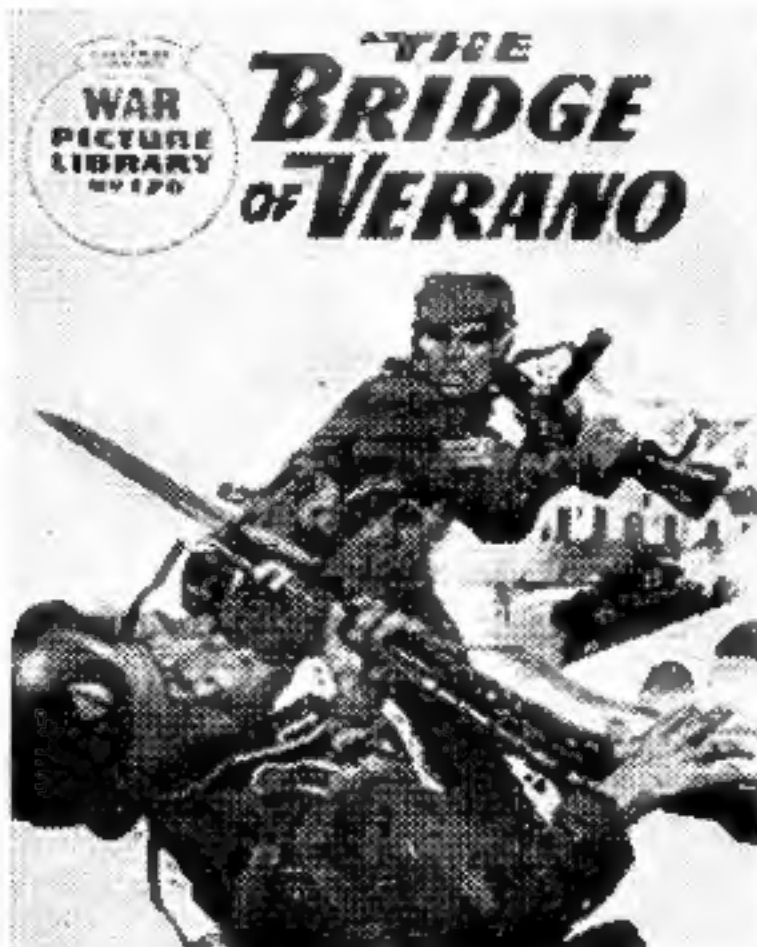


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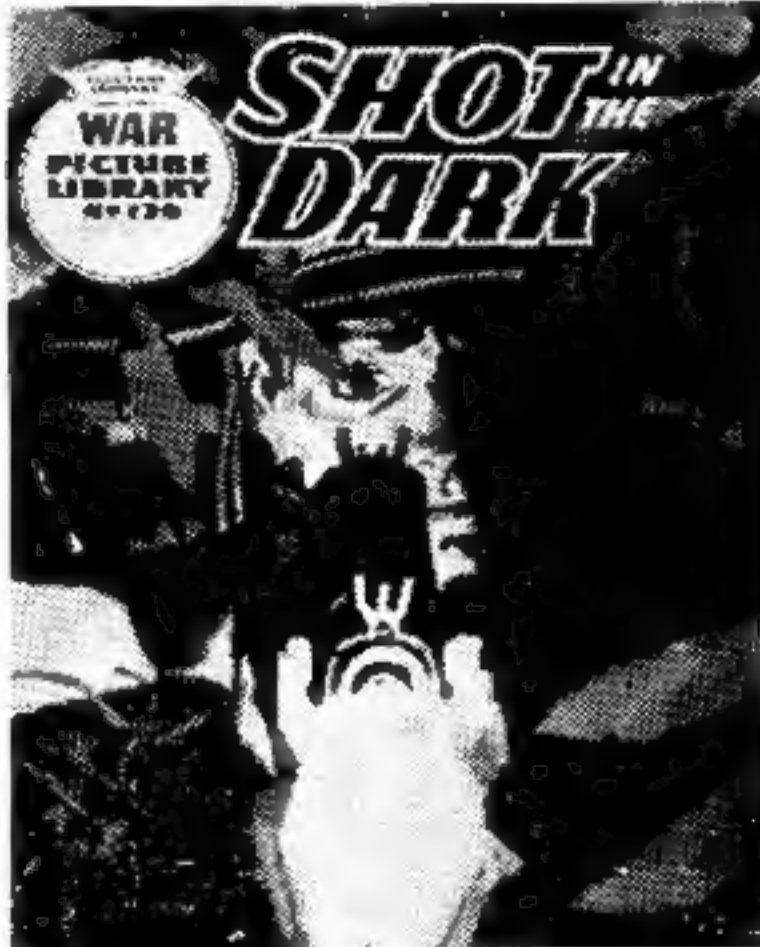
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